THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

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Here and There.

THE Two Thousand Guineas, run on Tuesday, was won by Mr. Merry's Macgregor; and the One Thousand, on Thursday, by Mr. Joseph Dawson's Hester.

It is with great regret that we have to record the death of Mr. Richard Tattersall, senior partner of the eminent firm so long and honourably associated with the new and old "Corners."

The monument to the late Marquis of Hastings, which has for some time been in the course of erection by the Messrs. Gaffin, sculptors, of the Quadrant, Regent-street, at the Kensal-green Cemetery, is at length finished and uncovered for public view.

The boat-race between Harry Kelley and John Bright (not the President of the Board of Trade), at Newcastle, resulted in favour of the Southerner. It appears to have been a fine struggle for the first half of the contest, but in the end the superior stamina and gameness of the Putney man again carried him to victory. In the course of the race there was a foul, which the referee decided in favour of Kelley. In this latter art Bright appears to be a proficient, as hitherto there has been a foul in all his races; besides which, we fancy that his staying powers are none of the best. On Wednesday evening, at a dinner given at the Northumberland Arms, Newcastle, the occasion was taken to present Kelley with a gold medal and a purse of 60 sovereigns, in recognition of his "gentlemanly and honourable conduct during his brilliant aquatic career."

The first of the great Anglo-American ocean yacht matches, between the Sappho and the Cambria, will commence on Tuesday next, the 10th inst. According to the conditions, each race is to be for a silver cup, of the value of fifty guineas, and the whole of the matches are to take place before June 16th of the present year.

The departure of the Queen, who was to have left Osborne yesterday, is again postponed, on account of the continued indisposition of Prince Leopold.

From the Notebook of the Hospodar of Duffraria:—

Life is the last habit one cares to give up,—possibly because it is the first one acquires.

Many men, politicians especially, are like bottles:—only valuable for what you put into them. On the other hand, there *are* those who, like lobsters' claws, derive their chief merit from what you can get out of them.

What is the use of learning anything during life? We shall know everything after we have left it.

In this self-sufficient age, it is common enough to *take* credit. The object is to *get* it.

Of Mrs. Calhoun's letters, developed in the McFarland trial, the *New York Times* says that "one gifted creature like Mrs. Calhoun is enough to destroy the friendly relations of a dozen families."

At a *bal masqué*.—Jack Rooster to Miss Adelina de Courcy, who has come in an inch or two of green gauze: "May I ask what you represent, madam?"

"A nimp of the sea, sir."

"At low water, I presume? May I offer you a weed?"

"Why do you call me Birdie, my dear?" inquired a wife of her husband. "Because," was the answer, "you are always associated in my mind with a bill."

La femme. Ah! tu ne m'aimes plus!

Le mari. Moi, je ne t'aime plus! mais je me jetterais au feu pour toi; mais si tu me demandais les bras de la Vénus de Milo, j'irai te les chercher; mais si tu me demandais ma tête, je la ferais couper.

A ces mots, le mari devient pensif.

"Mais, qu'as tu donc? dit la femme, radoucie."

"Je pense que j'ai oublié de me faire couper—les cheveux."

Jesters will jest even *in extremis*. It was the Abbé Bouheurs, we believe, who, when the priest called in to administer extreme unction asked him where were his feet, answered "at the end of my legs." A poor fellow had just had his leg taken off at Guy's the other day. After the operation, the surgeon inquired kindly how he felt. "Sir," said the maimed one, "I feel——incomplete."

A Salt Lake boy, shooting at a cat the other day, sent a bullet in among a man's wives, in a house near by, using up two or three. But he killed the cat.

At Rehearsal:—

MAESTRO:—"Stop sir! I cannot bear it. You are assassinating the time!"

TENOR:—"It is perhaps more humane to do that, than to *beat* it continually, as you do."

The Plebiscite has been defined as, "the Vaccination of the Empire."

The author of "Lothair" has the credit of the following pretty reply:—"Which is the greater virtue," he was asked, "Justice or Valour?" "If there were none of the former," replied Mr. Disraeli, "there would be no need of the latter. If all were just, none need be brave."

At the residence of the "gentlemen" in female costume, arrested last week, has been found an immense wardrobe of female attire down to the minutest articles of women's underclothing. When brought together there where found to be between thirty and forty rich silk and other dresses, all of fashionable patterns, and some elaborately trimmed with lace, furs, &c.; a large ermine cloak, well-stocked female glove boxes, more than a score different wigs and head-dresses, chiefly of the prevailing golden hue, some of them having plaited hair; falls from 20 to 30 inches in length attached; a great number of girls' hats variously trimmed, ladies' white kid boots, Balmoral walking boots, richly embroidered; a large quantity of bizarre jewellery, with some bracelets and necklaces of a better class; caps, feathers, garters, &c., and the usual toilette accompaniments of ladies of a certain class, such as rose bloom, violet powder, &c. Amongst all this property, there are not more than one, or at most, two costumes bearing any affinity to a masquerade or fancy dress. All the remainder are articles of ordinary female wear, and with the head gear have been found an assortment of white net caps, neatly trimmed with fancy ribbons, as worn by household servants.

An Indiana paper reports that a young lady in that State was recently licensed to marry two gentlemen, and adds that she made only one happy. The paper does not state which one that was, but the Boston *Advertiser* suggests that it must have been the one she did not marry.

"For some days past," says the *Nord*, "the postman at Rémersdael, Belgium, had found small particles of wool and straw amongst his letters, for the presence of which he could not account, as the box was out of the reach of children. As on one occasion he observed a bird flying away from the aperture in the lid, he closely examined the interior, and found that a swallow had built her nest inside and had laid four eggs there. A remarkable circumstance is that letters are being constantly thrown in, but she does not seem to pay any attention to their call."

Communications from Tunis relate a curious incident. On the *fête* of Bairam the European consuls paid the customary visit to the Bey. The Prime Minister made a speech, but addressing himself solely to the representatives of France, Austria, England, and Italy, turned his back to the others, among whom were those of the United States, Spain, and Belgium. These latter, when the minister had concluded, protested against this violation of all diplomatic courtesy, and would not accept the apologies offered until the allocution had been repeated to them.

A good story is told of the late Count Montalembert which deserves to be recorded as an instance of the difficulty foreigners find in appreciating our insular humour. The distinguished Frenchman, with Thackeray, a certain learned professor, and a well-known literary peer, formed a party of four, many years ago, to go to the Derby by road. On their return, they passed a van-load of drunken sailors with their trulls, upon which Montalembert observed, in his cynical way, "I suppose dese are vat you call your joli Jack tars?" "Not at all," replied Thackeray; "they are only Epsom salts." It is said that Lord H. was occupied the whole way from Sutton to London in trying to explain the joke, but without success.

The Paris plot thickens with serious and circumstantial detail. The advantage of such a discovery on the eve of the *Plébiscite* is so manifest that colour was at once given to the opinion expressed by the Irreconcilables to the effect that the plot was pretended. M. Pietri might, it seems probable, have made the arrests he has now accomplished at an earlier date, but this does not affect the evidence to show that a wicked conspiracy to assassinate the Emperor has been formed. It seems impossible to doubt either the genuineness or meaning of the letter signed "Gustave," and attributed to M. Flourens. The prisoner Beaury is said to be a man of bad character, and Flourens is the person who, on the occasion of Rochefort's arrest, summoned Paris to arms against the Government. If he wrote from London on the 20th ult. that he hoped to be next week in Paris, and trusted that then "*all would have ended well*," to a man who was evidently engaged in some secret and criminal work, there seems great probability that the event he so darkly alluded to was the murder of the Emperor.

Epitaph on a waiter.—He could wait no longer—he 's gone.

Definition of a husband's grumbling.—The murmuring of the tide.

In thirty-five words how many "thats" can be grammatically inserted? Eighteen. "He said that that *'that'* that that man said was not that *that* that *that* one should say, but that that *'that'* that that man said was that *'that'* that *that* man should not say." That reminds us of the following "says" and saids: "Mr. B——, did you say or did you not say what I said you said? Because C—— said you never did say what I said you said. Now, if you did say that you did not say what I said you said, then what did you say?"

A colour difficult to see.—Blindman's-Buff.

An American paper says that the practice of Mississippi river guerillas in shooting into passing steamboats is very annoying to the passengers.

The case of "Charles Lafitte and Company" came before Mr. Church, the Chief Clerk at the Rolls' Chambers, yesterday. It was stated that it was necessary to afford further time to ascertain the allegations as to parties connected with the case. The Chief Clerk suggested that the time should be extended, and named the 1st day of June. A gentleman in attendance in another case said, "That is the Derby day." (A laugh.) The Chief Clerk said the Court of Chancery knew nothing of the Derby day. (Laughter.) He had no objection to the following day, and the 2nd of June was accordingly appointed.

It is said that a new daily paper, devoted to spiritualism, will shortly make its appearance. It is to be called "The Morning Wrapper."

"Hanged, drawn, and quartered," will no longer be a proverbial phrase, Sir Charles Dilke having carried the abolition of drawing and quartering as a punishment for treason by an amendment on the Felony Bill. Why such barbarous terms should have lingered so long on the statute-book after the improving civilisation of the community had rendered these operations impracticable, is only to be explained by a reference to our tardy methods of legal reform. Even the present generation may remember when sentence in these words was passed upon Mr. Smith O'Brien, who, after a term of expatriation, was by the exercise of the Royal prerogative of mercy, allowed to regain his country. Besides the shame of having to pronounce such a sentence from the seat of justice, there is to be considered the fact that punishments act as deterrents in proportion to the certainty with which they are inflicted.

SHORT AND SWEET.—The answer which Napoleon wishes the electors to put into the urns next Sunday is a very "*wee*" one!—*Punch and Judy*.

In the House.

Thursday, *April 28th*.—In the Lords, the Earl of Clarendon, with considerable emotion, gave an explanation of the recent deplorable massacres in Greece, and defended his own share in the measures taken by the Government for the prevention of the catastrophe. Lord Carnarvon replied, and in the most unmistakeable terms, while exonerating his noble friend opposite from having left undone any of those things which he ought to have done, declared that he could not regard the Greek Government as other than deeply responsible for this most cruel crime, and he would entreat Parliament and the country, when the day of reckoning came, not to abate one jot or tittle of the punishment which must be exacted of them—(Hear, hear).

In the Commons, the Metropolitan District Railway Bill was read a third time and passed.

Mr. T. Hughes, evidently drawing his inspiration from the minority in the Jockey Club on Sir Joseph Hawley's motion at the Craven Meeting, gave notice that on Monday he would ask whether the Government intended legislating on the subject of the recent and growing scandals arising out of Betting on Horse Races. After the discussion of a few other matters, the House resumed Committee upon the Irish Land Bill.

On the order for the resumption of the adjourned debate on Mr. Newdegate's motion for Conventual and Monastic Inspection, an almost unprecedented number of petitions, both for and against the measure, were presented, and, after a smart discussion as to the particular hour on Monday night to which the debate should again be adjourned, the matter was postponed till 11.30 P.M., on Monday, and the House rose.

Friday, *April 29th*.—The Lords occupied themselves with a discussion wholly sustained by the legal peers, *anent* the High Court of Justice Bill, the Committee upon which was postponed until the Lord Chancellor should have received reports from the Bench of Judges on the measures proposed.

Mr. A. Seymour put a question to Mr. Ayrton in reference to the mosaic decorations of the Central Hall of the Houses of Parliament, which was answered with the First Commissioner's usual courtesy (?), and with the ordinary amount of ignorance or indifference to the business of his department which that official ordinarily is in the habit of displaying. After desultory debates and interrogations on various matters, the Home Secretary, at the instance of Sir G. Jenkinson, had another opportunity afforded him (we believe for the fourth time this session) of expressing his entire confidence in himself, and in his entire ability to review the sentences of condemned prisoners, and either enforce them or rescind them at his own sweet will. Strangely enough, the House seemed to think that in Mr. Bruce "the quality of mercy is not strained," and calmly acquiesced in his self-laudatory views. A long and dull discussion on the case of the "Tornado" supervened, and the House went into Committee on the Poor Relief (Metropolis) Bill.

Monday, *May 2nd*.—After the usual light skirmishing of questions and answers, the House went into Committee on the Irish Land Bill, a subject on which our readers will thank us for omitting any detailed reference. On the order for resumption of the debate on Mr. Newdegate's motion for the appointment of a select committee to inquire into Conventual and Monastic Institutions, that hon. gentleman rose and asked the indulgence of the House (cries of "Spoke," "order," and "chair"); as, however, he persisted in making a speech, Mr. Bernal Osborne rose to order, and moved that the hon. member for North Warwickshire be not indulged (much laughter). Mr. Newdegate was, however, not to be put down, and, in spite of an admonition from the Speaker, that he had really passed the bounds allotted to him, his pertinacity was rewarded by being able to conclude his remarks without having them peremptorily cut short. He was followed by Mr. Winterbotham and Mr. Gladstone, the latter of whom proposed a verbal alteration affecting the form, but not the scope of the inquiry, which was eventually carried by a large majority, instead of that proposed by Mr. Newdegate. Naturally enough, he regretted the stifling of his own bantling, but we think, on the whole, he had no reason to quarrel with the substantial measure of support dealt out to him by the Government.

Tuesday, *May 3rd*.—The Duke of Marlborough gave notice that, when Lord Houghton moved the second reading of the Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, he should meet it with a declaration of "war to the knife," and move its rejection.

The War Office Bill passed the second stage in the Upper House.

In the Commons, Mr. Birley moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the operation of the Commercial Treaty with France, a proposition which, after a long debate, met with rejection by a majority of 138 to 50.

Wednesday, *May 4th*.—The morning sitting was occupied with the discussion of Mr. Jacob Bright's motion for the second reading of his Women's Disabilities Bill. Mr. Jacob Bright strongly advocated the electoral rights of females, and was seconded by Mr. Fowler. Mr. Secretary Bruce admitted that the Government had not had time to give proper consideration to the subject, and were not therefore prepared to express a decided opinion; but he clearly thought that if votes were granted to women, the right to sit as representatives, as well as vote for them, must sooner or later follow as a natural sequence. In the end Mr. Bright's motion was carried by a slender majority, but amid tremendous cheering. We sincerely trust Mr. Bruce may be wrong, and that for many years we may be spared seeing Miss Mary Ann in the Speaker's chair; or hear that Mrs. Jones has been compelled to postpone a measure of great public importance owing to circumstances over which she had no control. In which case, good citizen as he might be, Mr. Jones ought most certainly be called to the bar of the House to answer for his unconstitutional and wanton interference with the legislature.

On the motion of Mr. Eykyn, the Public Prosecutor's Bill passed the second reading, and was referred to a Committee.

Thus ended a fair week's work, and, whatever may be said as to quality, no one can complain of the number of measures introduced, or the energy of the House in pushing forward business.

The Man Abroad.

Paris, *May 5th*.

The sensation of the week has decidedly been the discovery of the intended plot against the life of the Emperor. There has been so often a cry of "wolf," that many people even now doubt its reality, and put it down to the ingenuity of the police and government combined, as a means of influencing votes at the plebiscitary scrutiny of Sunday; but, incredulous as I am inclined to be about these mysterious plots generally, it is impossible on this occasion to resist the weight of evidence already made public. It is not necessary for me to go into the details of its discovery, as they have already been dinned into your ears by every journal in the kingdom, with some spicy additions in many cases. This much, however, is certain, that Beaury has voluntarily confessed his intentions, and, besides that, letters and despatches were discovered on him, and one or two others who have been arrested, which show that Gustave Flourens, who still forms part of the Leicester-square division, was at the bottom of it all. Hanging is too light a punishment for a man who not only abuses the hospitality of your friendly shores, but, from a safe distance, hatches these infamous schemes, which poor crazed dupes, such as this Beaury (he was a deserter from one of the line regiments) are the tools of. They are the *dindons de la farce* on such occasions, while the prime instigators of the iniquity remain in secure seclusion. One effect of its discovery will be to send hundreds of thousands of voters to the poll as supporters of the Government, who would otherwise have been either its passive or active opponents. It may seem very unreasonable that men's votes should be influenced by an incident which does not directly affect the wisdom of *plebiscitary* appeals to the people; but such schemes lead many to think, rightly or wrongly, that by voting in favour of the Government they are protesting against being supposed to approve of assassination as an aid to the advancement of their party. Opinions vary very much as to what the Imperial majority will be. That there will be a majority no one questions; but, as a few days will show, I will not venture a prophecy on such an uncertain topic. Victor Hugo, in one of his imprudent letters to the *Rappel*, says, that the only circumstances under which it would be proper to vote *Yes*, are, if the question put by the Emperor was, "Shall I leave the Tuileries, give up the property which I have embezzled during the last twenty years, and render myself prisoner at Vincennes?" And yet there are still people to be found who speak of the "Exile of Guernsey" as a statesman! Speaking of the plot, I may recall the fact that, besides several conspiracies nipped in the bud, as this last has been, there have been two attempts on the life of the Emperor: that of Pianori, in 1855, who fired at him as he was riding up the Champs Elysées, and was at once arrested, tried, and executed in sixteen days from the date of the crime; and that of Pieri, Orsini, &c., in 1858, who threw the bombs at his carriage as he arrived at the Opera, and killed and wounded no less than 100 persons among the crowd assembled to witness their majesties' arrival. These three gentlemen were all executed, and their portraits, or what you may please to call them, grace, if I mistake not, the classic *salons* of Madame Tussaud in Baker-street.

I am sorry to find that, during my fortnight's absence at Baden, two *illustrations* of the *Vie Parisienne* have disappeared from the scene. One, Prince Anatole Demidoff, will be chiefly known to Englishmen as the proprietor of the splendid villa at Florence which contained the magnificent collection of pictures, sculptures, and *objets d'art*, lately scattered to the four corners of the earth through the instrumentality of the auctioneer's hammer. He was, however, well-known in continental cities as a *viveur*, and has been taken as the original for the typical Russian Prince in many a romance, among others, Charles Lever's inimitable character in *The Daltons*. He was the husband of Princess Mathilde—cousin of the Emperor, and now *amie intime* of the French correspondent of the *Daily Dustheap*—whom he married at Rome in 1841; but they have long been separated—on the ground of incompatibility of temper, I believe—and he has been compelled by the Czar to allow her 20,000*l*. per annum out of his enormous fortune of more than two million francs revenue. Of late he has lived in the Boulevard Haussman, while the princess has an hotel in the Rue Descourcelles. The prince will be much missed by the dealers in *bric-à-brac* and the ladies of a certain world, between whom he distributed his favours in pretty equal proportions. The other, Nestor Roqueplan, was a man of the same tastes, perhaps, but of an entirely different temperament. Feuilletonist of the *Constitutionnel*, he added much to render that journal as popular as it is at present—as much, perhaps, as Saint Beuve, in his *Causeries de Lundi*, though a writer of a very different stamp. He was an Epicurean as well as a writer, and those who have assisted at his dinners will not be all considered disinterested in their grief. He has left behind him a store of *mots*, which will keep the Parisian *chroniqueurs* for an enormous length of time. His latest book is decidedly well named "Parisina," for it breathes the very spirit of the *vie Parisienne*. In it he describes *chic*; which may be, according to him, either inborn, studied, copied, paid for, transitory, or incarnate. I am tempted to give one or two passages of it, but I forbear from completing my weekly tale of bricks with borrowed straw. I will, therefore, only say that to study the whole book is to study the life of the author, who may be fairly termed "the last of the Parisians."

The Salon opened on Monday, but without a dinner, as *chez vous*. A hasty glance leads me to infer that, among a quantity of pictures, passable and bad, there are a few works of superlative merit. The portraits of the celebrated Père Hyacinthe, by Madame de Saux of the Abbé; Bauer, by Madame de Chatillon; and of M. Emile de Girardin, by M. Pérignon, created, apparently, the greatest interest. I have not space for any further criticism on this point for the moment.

The French racing season is now in full swing, and meetings are being held in the provinces and at Brussels, as well as at Longchamps, where the sportsmen of Lutèce are now finding their way. Like all races which do not take place on Sunday, the attendance will be very meagre, and almost entirely professional; but a large company may be expected on Sunday, if the weather improves—a consummation devoutly to be desired, as for the last ten days we have been plunged back into mid-winter, with rain and a wind which pierces through bone and marrow. The French Two Thousand (Poule d'Essai) is run for on that day, and will, I am told, be won by Jarnac, if he is allowed to run; but as he is trained in England, you will be able to ascertain whether he has been sent over better than we can here. From the list of horses remaining in the Grand Prix de Paris, which is run for upon the 12th June, I see that the only English horses of any note are Prince of Wales, Champion, Coutts, Recorder, and Perambulator. It is, therefore, probable that France will be once more victorious, as the result of the next few weeks' racing cannot fail to produce something capable of disposing of such very inferior cattle.

Our Prize Rhymes.

PRIZE WORD—XXVIII.—CRUCIBLE.

First—

With a negligence quite inexcusable,
The material put into the crucible
Was found to be scarcely reducible
To fluid—*i. e.*, hardly fusible. CHEMIST.

Second—

In the days when old alchemists placed in the crucible
(So called from the vessel being marked with a cross)
Baser metals, by chemical agents made fusible,
Pure gold to extract from materials so gross;

Their efforts, though useless, were not inexcusable,
And they learnt, tho' too late, the just value of dross;
So, for others, a moral from them is deducible,
Who, too eager for *profit*, find ultimate *loss*. A. W.

Third—

By fire most metals are fusible,
Thus they season the gold with alloy;
And when passed through the test of the crucible,
The one makes the other more strong.
So by marriage we two are reducible
To one, dear—to me what a joy!
Let us hope that between me and you, Sybil,
Such fusion may last for—how long?
UNCLE DROS.

Young Sammy Hirst, of the fifty-first,
A girl of Jewish race
Had wooed and won, then cut and run,
As is so oft the case.

In the witness-box, the sly young fox
His *fiancée* denied;
Stood up to pa, abused mamma,
And many a sly dodge tried.

Until plunged in the crucible
Of cross-examination,
By that sharp leader, Q. C. Bull,
Sam found, with consternation,
That Court and Judge were on the side
Of the little dark-eyed Jew, Sybil.

The verdict, too, if tales are true,
Proved by its costs set high,
That a Jew's heart, if made to smart,
Is worth more than a "Jew's eye."
TRIPLE HARP.

I heard a voice—the voice of a true sybil—
That said in my ear, "'Twere better by far
That thy bones were ground down in my crucible,
Than thy babes be born 'neath an evil star."

Now just at this time, I thought that Jemima
To my friends might be introducible
As Mrs. O'Dowd; but tho' 'tis true I'm a
Brave soldier, I dreaded that crucible.

So unto the gipsy I gave a sov.,
And said, "Let this coin make my truce, Sybil;"
She took it and said, "Good luck to your love,
For look how it gleams in my crucible!"
CAPTING O'DOWD.

For testing heat, when metals meet,
I can't get the right crucible;
I've used plumbago, mixed and neat,
In vain: it still keeps fusible. DIER.

See *Little Faust*, or else you 'll rue Siebel
Not seeing, Marguerite, and little dirty boy;
But mind, before you go, to fill your crucible
With metal to the brim, ten parts alloy,
Or else beware of Mephis-toe. IN SPES.

Forth from the alchemy of that great crucible,
The ex-Prime Minister's prolific brain,
Hath leaped another *Coningsby*, a new *Sybil*—
Like Pallas in her panoply—amain,
Decked with the lore and wit that graced the true *Sybil*,
To make all mankind marvel once again;
How sweet the breath of hawthorn-laden air,
And reading, in the scented shade, *Lothair!*

The thorn is sure a wondrous lovely thing,
When evening's blush upon its glory falls;
And leafy alps of blossom nobly spring,
Bright with a million dew-gemmed coronals,
Which forth like prodigals their sweetness fling.
Oh, sight the drooping soul that upward calls!
Flora hath not within her varied crucible,
Aught breathing sweeter peace, more flag-of-trucible.
SIR SINGLE.

Bent, worn, and weary, and with bloodshot eyes,
The old magician mutters fearful spells;
And—looking earthward now, now to the skies—
Invokes all heaven's spirits, and all hell's;
Then, throwing charms into his crucible,
Repeats those words, by others quite unusable.

First, hark! a voice, like distant whispers sounding,
Fills all the air with music sweet, divine;
Next comes a growl, through nature loud rebounding,
Like as the bursting of some far-off mine.

Unheeding still, with eagerness excusable
(Though some might think him, as a heretic, abusable),
Casting ingredients in of nature fusible,
And others also harder, more infusible;
Still mutt'ring spells, jaw-breaking and unusable,
By force of which e'en spirits were inducible
To leave their homes, and to become educible,
That old man ever sat and watched his crucible.
L. N. P.

I stole a kiss from you, Sybil,
Once on a happy time;
You were a ripe and juicy belle,
I was in manhood's prime.

But why are we so true, Sybil,
Now wooing days are done?
Our hearts met in Love's crucible,
And melted into one. ALCHEMIST.

From ore within this crucible
(Which salamandrine pot
Is by fire irreducible)
A metal may be got.

Coal is to this conducible:
Of heat it takes a lot;
Ere metal is producible,
Red, boiling, bubbling hot. R.

From retort, alembic, and crucible,
From chemical struggle and strife,
No philosopher's stone was deducible,
Nor yet the elixir of life. VECTIS.

The wizard is seen in his chamber lone,
Mixing his drugs in a crucible;
Muttering the while, in an evil tone,
Words not to English reducible.

The rain it is beating against the pane;
Still, from his work not seducible,
The wizard he heeds not the wind nor rain,
Bending intent o'er his crucible. RAVENSWOOD.

They say "Poeta nascitur, non fit;"
At all events, *my* muse won't rhyme a bit;
For the hardest word to doggrell verse reducible
I think you 've hit upon in choosing crucible.
BLUENOSE.

'Mid the pagans of yore, when a true sibyl
Prophecied evil or good,
She cast in her earthen crucible
Only the metals reducible,
Which, by the heat rendered fusible,
Gave signs which she understood. SPERO.

Pray, foolish, rash alchemist,
Abandon thy crucible;
'Tis time thou didst desist:
Thou hast tried all things fusible.
DON ROBERTO.

In ancient days 'twas thought that gold
From baser metals was producible;
And many men—sagacious, old—
To this delusion proved seducible.

But science now has plainly told
That such results are not deducible;
So all who try it will be sold,
Will lose their time, and waste a crucible.
PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

The philosopher's stone is all nonsense,
Fusing metals and stuff in a crucible;
I took the odds against Cambridge (in pence),
And went down in order to—the crew see pull.
PECCAVI.

Competition Papers received from A. A. B.; Ranger; Mars; F. Greenwood; Little One; Thomas; Q.; Hardware Jack; James; Annie; Paisley Weaver.

PRIZE WORD—NO. XXIX.—SACKBUT.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

HARK to the *Telegraph's* rub-a-dub-dub!—
"These terms are becoming synonymous;
"He spends all his leisure time at the club,
"Or else with some party anonymous.
"Never comes home, save his poor wife to snub,
"Or to sulk in a silence that 's ominous."

1.
'Twixt life and death how fierce had been the fight,
Through the long horrors of that stormy night,
Till, landlocked here, all ocean danger past,
Into smooth water glides the ship at last.

2.
Not slothful, nor in any way remiss,
Gehazi's ruin was—that he was this.

3.
"At eve," the poet says, "he drinks his fill."
And so he does, and so he always will,
Whether from Capel Court or Forest Hill.

4.
"Archibald Douglas, ponder and pause:
"Cats are fierce, and have very sharp claws."
"Nay," quoth he; "full little I reck,
"Once my gripe is about his neck."

5.
A father gives it to his son;
Sometimes a son to mother;
As we all need it, every one
Should make it for the other.

6.
I own my ideas are excessively vague
About all that concerns the old city of Prague.
Was he the founder, or builder, or giver—
That tutelar saint, who mounts guard o'er the river?

7.
A wager furious Hamlet laid,
As his sword through the arras passed;
He won it, but was never paid,
And poor Polonius breathed his last.

Fun of the Day.

(From *Punch*.)

AMBITIOUS.

Miss Ethel.—"Mamma dear, I think I shall be a duchess."

Mamma.—"What nonsense, Ethel! What do you mean?"

Ethel.—"Why, how would it be if I married a *Dutch?*"

DULCET.—Half the duty is taken off. Sugar is down in price. Saecharissa says there is a line in Tennyson, which all consumers, whether of moist or lump, may now quote with peculiar propriety:—"Sweet and low, sweet and low."

(From *Judy*.)

"Return good for evil," as the match said, when lighting the pipe of the man who had just struck it.

Why has the Judge of the Divorce Court been sent to the sobering influences of the House of Lords?—Because he was Wylde in court.

Why do they never make twelve o'clock at the right time on board a man-of-war?—Because they always strike the bell eight (the bell late).

A shoddy correspondent, who seems to have some trouble with his pothooks, writes to ask what sort of pen runs the smoothest?—We should say a N-"ile" pen.

(From *Will-o'-the-Wisp*.)

HISTORICAL RIDDLE.—When was King John like an old cricket shirt?—When he 'd lost his colours in the Wash!

When is a man near his most interested friend?—When he is "*beside himself*."

What is the difference between a sempstress and a drawling officer of Guards?—One *hems* and the other *haws*.

(From *Punch and Judy*.)

"BY THE SINGLE BOTTLE."

Jones (who prides himself on his cellar).—"Come finish the bottle, and we 'll have another."

Brown (who hasn't a soul above a dust-bin).—"No, no, my dear fellow, don't bother to send out for any more for me."

TO MILITARY MEN.—May a "vivandière" under 20 be said to be in her "can-*teens*"?

MELANCHOLY TREES.—The *weeping* willow and the *pine*-apple!

THE CRIME-SPOT OF EUROPE.—Greece.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TRICHINOPOLY.—We care not a straw.

BRIGHT EYES.—We should not mind coming under your lash. Give us a look in; office hours from ten to four.

L. S.—We will have search made, and let you know. What has become of your junior partner, D.?

INVESTMENT.—Send your money to Mr. J. Smith, of Edinburgh and Boulogne. The man you mention is *tout ce qu'il y a de plus* burglar.

VECTIS.—Because we do not consider a single rhyme in the contribution admissible.

THE THEATRES—THIS EVENING.

COVENT GARDEN.—Il Barbiere di Siviglia. Half-past Eight.

DRURY LANE.—Lucia di Lammermoor. Half-past Eight.

ADELPHI.—Too Much of a Good Thing—The Prompter's Box—The Enchanted Wood. Seven.

LYCEUM.—Breaking the Spell—Little Faust. Half-past Seven.

OLYMPIC.—My Turn Next—At Eight: Frou-Frou—The 'Varsity Boat Race Seven.

STRAND.—Widow's Weeds—Sir George and a Dragon—A Fish Out of Water. Half-past Seven.

GAIETY.—The Man of Quality—At Nine: The Princess of Trebizonde. Seven.

PRINCE OF WALES'.—Quite by Accident—At Eight: M.P.—Dearest Mamma. Half-past Seven.

NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist—'Twixt Axe and Crown. Seven.

ST. JAMES'S.—Frou-Frou—La Belle Sauvage. Seven.

HOLBORN.—Happiest Day of my Life—Behind the Curtain—Chamber of Horrors. Half past Seven.

VAUDEVILLE.—For Love or Money—Don Carlos. Seven.

GLOBE.—Milky White—Robert Macaire—Number One Round the Corner. Half-past Seven.

CHARING CROSS.—Captain Smith—The Twin Sisters—Ixion. Seven.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1870.

WHILE we unhesitatingly join our voice to the universal demand that is just now raised for Turf reform, it is for us to see that we do not rashly adopt a false issue, and that while we assent to the cleansing of the outside of the cup and platter, we do not desire that the inside shall remain full of all uncleanness.

It is popularly understood that the Turf, as an institution, receives its support from the State, with a view to the improvement of the breed of horses; and the majority of Turf reformers seem to have considered that when they have dealt with the question of early two-year-old running and other matters connected with the horse, their duty is at an end. However this might have been when the national sport was in its infancy, there can be little doubt that the aspects of the subject have widely changed, and that, at the present time, the welfare or improvement of the racehorse finds as little place in the consideration of owners or trainers as does the question of the ivory trade in the mind of the dice-player when he calls the main.

The racehorse in the present day, from the time he is foaled till he retires to the stud, is regarded as no more than an instrument for gambling; and we cannot but consider that the surest way to ameliorate and improve his condition, is to legislate for those to whom the existing evils of that condition are mainly due.

It has been truly enough remarked that no man can afford to keep racehorses who does not bet; and, if we are to believe Sir JOSEPH HAWLEY, there are few even of those who do bet who find keeping racehorses a profitable occupation; and we do not believe, further, that any amount of legislation will extinguish the love of gambling that is more or less inherent in human nature, and which, if it does not find vent on the racecourse, will assuredly do so, perhaps, in some less outwardly reputable direction. But we contend that one of the main evils of the present condition of Turf society is its universality, and that, unless restrictions are speedily placed on the facilities for gambling and roguery on the Turf, it will surely sink, in the condemnation of all right-thinking people, to the level of cock-fighting or the prize-ring.

Without raising any question of class prejudice, we are emphatically of opinion that horse-racing is a sport for the rich, and that the poorer classes have no more business with the Turf than a charwoman has with the opera, or a coalheaver with yachting. And we almost invariably find that suspicions of foul play, and imputations of improper motives and actions on the Turf, arise in that grade of society to which such proceedings are familiar, and not among those with whom liberality of judgment and reticence of opinion are a natural result of education and refinement.

That there are large owners of horses and men of position in the racing world who have laboured under the imputation of dishonourable practices, or who bet and gamble beyond even their princely incomes, we are well aware; but we see no reason why the meshes of a well-considered measure should not be made small enough to catch the large fish as well as the little ones; and, indeed, we think that a few examples of the greater offenders would do more to purge the Turf of its reproach than a thousand prosecutions of the smaller fry.

The recent rejected resolutions of Sir JOSEPH HAWLEY were, to our thinking, aimed at the entire abolition of racing as a national pastime, and read more like the propositions of an ALEXANDER having no more worlds to conquer, or—to speak more to the point—of a man who, having had the good fortune to grasp nearly all the great prizes of the Turf, saw, in his present stud, no fitting successor to the equine heroes who have carried his colours in years gone by,—and was, therefore, anxious to abolish the Turf out of hand in a fit of spleen. But, assuming that his motive was a wise and moderate measure of reform, we think the end might as well have been accomplished by judicious pruning as by lopping off all the main branches of the tree.

We have heard a proposal that bookmakers, upon the payment of a guarantee to Government, should be licensed to pursue their calling, and that all gambling debts incurred with them should be recoverable either by or from them by law, and that all betting, other than with these licensed bookmakers, should be punishable according to the penalties at present in force for trading without a license for the bookmakers, and for illegal gambling as regards those making bets with them. A special provision might be made in the Bankruptcy Act with reference to persons made bankrupts, at the instance of bookmakers, for gambling debts, and we think that we should see the last of such exposures as those recently of the Marquis of HASTINGS and the Duke of NEWCASTLE.

The idea of legalising gambling may shock many people, but we see no reason why it should do so more than the establishment of Lock Hospitals, in which category it strictly falls, as being not an encouragement of the primary evil, but a mitigation of its subsequently disastrous consequences. The area of gambling operations would at least, under these restrictions, be confined to circles where the consequences would be less felt than as at present, where every shop-boy finds no difficulty in investing his few shillings; and, even in higher ranks, the absolute immunity from legal penalties encourages a recklessness which borders upon, if it does not involve, dishonesty.

"Who drive fat oxen should themselves be fat,"—and if the Jockey Club arrogate to themselves judicial powers in racing affairs, they should themselves be free from reproach. A title and position in society have hitherto been the *open sesame* to the Turf Council Chamber; but we do not find that the Jockey Club have ever thought it necessary to expel or exclude members who have defaulted to the ring, or been guilty of other actions calculated to bring their body into disrepute. Sir JOSEPH HAWLEY certainly proposed to amend matters in this respect by the admission of members whose character, reputation, and exertions in the cause of the Turf should be considered an equivalent for patrician descent; but as doctors tell us that all sores must be healed from the bottom, so we can scarcely regard the infusion of new blood with entire complacency unless conjointly with a rule for the exclusion of those whose offences against the unwritten, as well as the written laws of the Turf, must tend to discredit any decision they may be called on to give in their judicial capacity.

To the Jockey Club itself must be relegated the duty of providing against the tricks and rogueries purely incidental to the sport of racing; and we do not imagine that there will be much difference of opinion in racing circles either as to the offences themselves, or the necessity of remedy. All that the outside public have to do with is, that if they are called on by public grant to support racing, some tangible results shall be shown for their money, and that these results shall be attained with as little scandal to that portion of the community who do not participate in the sport as possible.

Racing is a healthful, inspiriting amusement, and one we are very far from wishing to see abolished; but it is an amusement for those who can afford it, and for those only. We do not desire that our clerks shall be occupied in calculating the odds against "Twopenny Nail," or "Brother to Blue Nose," when they ought to be making out invoices or balancing their books; nor do we consider the tap-room of the "Blue Boar" a fit place of resort for those whose avocations will not admit of their indulgence in the sport in a legitimate way, and yet for whom the temptation of racing gossip is irresistible.

Diminished opportunities for betting among the general public means a diminished inducement for the working of what are termed "market horses," and the consequent plundering of the public, who, by specious representations, are induced to support them. The necessity for entering horses for market purposes reduced, the aggregate entries for particular races would become fewer and the acceptances less; but the betting would become more genuine, the odds against individuals less extravagant, and speculation more condensed and less ruinous.

The late raids against the commission agents struck a blow at this, inasmuch as they were the main channels through which the public money flowed into the great stream of speculation by many insignificant rivulets. But the snake was only scotched, not killed; and it has become essential that all avenues to racing speculation shall be absolutely closed to all but those who are, as it were, accredited to the sport, and who may be allowed, in return for their endeavours to advance and improve the breeding of horses, to waste their superfluous thousands, if they so please, with, at the same time, a definite legal risk of bankruptcy before their eyes.

Reams have been written on the deterioration of the racehorse; but we are disinclined to believe that we are worse off in this respect than we ever were. But more money is to be gained, owing to the prevailing spirit of gambling, by half-mile scurries than by long races, and more horses are therefore trained for speed over short distances than for endurance; but we have little doubt that many non-stayers have acquired their speciality over short distances from their early training than from natural constitution; and there are many instances on record where trainers have wilfully blinded themselves to a horse's capability for staying from their desire to develope an extraordinary quickness in getting off, and a high rate of speed over half a mile. By the contraction of the scope for gambling, the value of the stakes would rise in importance, and there would be more legitimate contests than as at present, when thousands of pounds may be won in bets over a paltry £50 plate on the T.Y.C., and scarcely as many pence

depend on the issue for a valuable cup over a long course.

One thing may safely be determined, and that is, that to reform the Turf thoroughly is to raise a storm of opposition from all quarters. There is not a single individual connected with it who is not either directly or indirectly interested in maintaining the gambling element, and it is the gambling element which, in the public and national interest, we are concerned in suppressing. We cannot see that a purer atmosphere would detract one iota from the enjoyment of the sport. Many of the most devoted lovers of the horse, of racing, and of sport generally, have been men who seldom or never laid a bet; and, remembering the *dictum* of Solomon, that "he who maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent," we can only see, in the hankering after large spoils, and the landing of enormous stakes, the danger of sailing too close to the wind, and driving another nail into the coffin of what, in the absence of prompt and vigorous action, will speedily become a moribund institution.

London Lyrics.

No. 23.

THE LAY OF THE LUNATIC.

The streets they are lovely and lonely,
The squares they are crooked and dim;
There is nobody, nobody—only
Myself and a Her and a Him.
We are nobodies, having no bodies,
Being spirits and water—no more.
And oh! what excessively odd is,
I am numbered two hundred and four.

A jailor, a joke, and a griffin,
Sit down to my five o'clock tea,
And a nabob comes in to my tiffin,
And swallows a fowl and a flea;
And he preaches a sermon on sorrow,
And offers a pound for my wig,
Which he vainly endeavours to borrow
To serve up for soup for his pig.

An illustrious person endeavours
To make me take shares in her throne;
I can pay for them only in shivers,
Which I keep in my restless back bone.
For the *Her* I already have mentioned
Has put in her pocket my heart;—
I believe her to be well-intentioned,
But her boots are remarkably smart.

As for *Him*, he is grimy and gory,
Why doesn't he take to a tub?
For what is the world's greatest glory,
Compared to a feminine snub?
If seven and six make eleven,
And pears and potatoes turn blue,
There is mystery surely in seven,
And *that* is sufficient for you.

If I loved her, why mightn't I do it?
How possibly could she object?
There is nourishment even in suet,
What more could a woman expect?
Would she have me ride out on a beagle,
Though Truefitt had seen to his tail?
I admit that I brought up an eagle,
And have frequently danced with a whale.

But tho' sun and tho' moon will still wrangle,
And make a most horrible row;
And the stars are beginning to jangle—
For what can I do for them now?
I have offered them trousers at Miles's,
And a bed at St. Pancras besides,
Not to mention a pew at St. Giles's,
And a handful of Cook's Tourists' Guides.

She tells me they're fighting about her,
For all of them want her for wife;
I think they'd do better without her,
For she'd lead them a horrible life;
And I told the French Emperor I couldn't
Rule his empire unless I was mad,
And even in that case I shouldn't
Think that worse was much better than bad.

For I have paid five quarters of taxes,
And taken out licenses too,
And dreamed that I lived between Axes
And Crowns, and don't know what to do;
If I only was Uncle Dick's Darling,
There might be some hope for me then;
But the critics are crabbed and snarling,
And that is the use of a pen.

I have clothed fifty Fenians in flannel,
And found them in soda and soap,
I have waltzed with the learn'd Baron Channell,
And presented Lord Cairns to the Pope;
I can sing like a Titiens or Whalley,
And act like a Fechter or Toole;
And, believe me, sir, after his folly
I always can answer a fool.

And yet she suspects me, neglects me,
Dejects me, puts checks on me still,
Has vexed me, and sorely perplexed me,
And rejects me, as her sex will;
Farewell, then, to laughter and leerings,
Farewell to my collars and coat,
There is nothing left for me but jeerings,
And a rod, and a worm, and a float.

And the Serpentine welcomes her lover,
I long for her cleanly repose,
I can softly now linger above her
In peace, without holding my nose;
Her waterless bosom shall hold me,
And quietly myself I will drown,
Her waveless embraces shall fold me,
A Lunatic Man About Town.

The Grumbler.

SAW me strolling along Oxford-street the other evening—did you? Well, very likely you did, and, had you observed my countenance, in all probability you would not have remarked a very smiling one. Why not? For the simplest of all reasons; because, whenever I chance to stroll along that, or any other of our principal thoroughfares, it is rarely with anything like pleasure. Either whirlwinds of dust, pools of mud, wild-pushed perambulators, boot-bespattering water-carts, interposing sun-blinds, or hat-destructive shop-lamps. What fault have I to find with the latter? How do they interfere with me? Well, I should think you, and everybody else who traverse or promenade the streets, unless you are dwarfs, or something under General Tom Thumb's diminutive stature, must have found out, to your cost, long since. Why, I take it that you are 5 feet 7 or 8, say the latter—no very extraordinary height for a man to be, after all. Add thereto your hat, which, presuming it not to be a Muller or wide-awake, must be 6 inches at least; that brings you just to 6 feet 2 inches. Well, you meet a couple of ladies perhaps (I say perhaps, mind), the youngest of them is rather pretty, or you think so; you naturally look and admire, for

> "Beauty itself doth of itself pervade
> The eyes of men without an orator;"

and then, wondering and pondering whether the elder of the two is sister, aunt, or mother, politely move on one side to make way for them,—you naturally do so with an adroitness that becomes you, for you feel that beauty with lustrous eyes beholds you, and age is taking stock of you, when bang goes your best Lincoln and Bennet, right, or rather wrong, against the confounded sun-blind, iron wire, or blind-frame of Messrs. Sarcesnet and Co.'s brilliant establishment—a frame to a blind just 6 feet from the pavement (though very often, nay, too often nearer 5 feet), contra all municipal and parish edicts—smash goes in the front of your hat, with an indenture deep, as impossible of eradication as "the furrows on the dark one's visage." Easily ironed out? Is it? Well, it may, or may not be; that's not the question. Even admitting it is, that makes it hardly less annoying. But saying it is not, three-and-twenty shillings for a new hat is a pretty severe tax upon—did you say my awkwardness? Yes! I deny that; but upon my good manners and politeness, or rather a premium for the impudent audacity of the shopkeeper, who, to keep the sun's glare or rays from his wares, must needs put up a machine to torture unoffending pedestrians, and batter in their hats. No; I only know of one thing more impudent. What is that? Why the great square gas-light shades, with their reflectors, throwing all their light on "the chastest thing out this summer, price"—Well, never mind what. Of course, as the whole light is concentrated upon this sweet thing, the chastest of the establishment, the lamp or machine, containing the light that glares upon the window, being painted black outside, one must be gifted with telescopic eyes, indeed, to distinguish such an *astra in nubibus;* and, walking straight on, unconscious of the cruel snare, bang again goes your hat, or, ten to one, your head, and smash goes the glass, and out rushes the infuriated injured one of the establishment, attended by a *posse comitatus* of his subservient Calicoes! Is this a nice state of things? Are those matters to make a man smile, or "go along whistling for want of thought," while strolling along Oxford-street or any other gay thoroughfare in this metropolis? No. I should like to know the fellow anything over 5 feet 8 who can go along through any of the streets of London, who, unless he walks on the curb-stones, is not obliged to keep a sharp look-out lest he be guillotined by a sun-blind or branded and defaced by a shop-lamp. Have I been to Greenwich or Blackwall this season? No, I can't say I have; nor shall I be in a hurry to do so if the whitebait there are as "*fine*" as those I have met with in town. For the last ten days or fortnight, all those I have had have been as large as respectable gudgeon, and with a most marvellous sprat-like appearance. Upon making the observation to an obsequious waiter, who is in the habit of attending to me at an inn I frequent, and where "I take mine ease" occasionally, he politely informed me that whitebait had never been so fine in the memory of man; and he attributed it to the purifying of the river. Heaven bless the man! His credulity deserved the extra sixpence I had fully intended to have given him—only I hadn't got it. Purity of the Thames! By all the genius of Lavater and Spurzheim, this man must indeed have been gifted with the organ of credulity to an alarming extent. No; the fact is, the whitebait are remarkably fine this season; and, as I have been assured by an American friend, originally from the Emerald Isle, the reason is, whitebait that are, are not whitebait that were. In other words, so great has been the destruction of late years upon these finny diminutives, they have ceased, like the whales have the Arctic Seas, to frequent our river, and are gone to the antipodes. This may all be very true, or it may be imagination; but all I know is, that nine-tenths of the so-called whitebait, sold about town, are no more whitebait than are tadpoles. Alas! Shakespeare, with all his knowledge of mankind, made a sad mistake when he penned Hamlet's pertinent, or rather impertinent, reply to Polonius—"Do you know me, my Lord?"

Ham.—Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol.—Not I, my Lord.

Ham.—Then I would you were so honest a man.

Fishmongers may be honest; but if they are, I wish they would not sell small large fry, and call 'em whitebait.

The Man in the Stalls.

THAT scapegrace, Jason, unconsciously rendered a great service to posterity when he made the voyage to Colchis' strand in search of the Fleece. By a very simple logical process I could establish that he has been the *fons et origo* of a large measure of enjoyment to crowded audiences at the Royal Italian Opera, at Covent Garden. Yes, if Jason had not been faithless to Medea, Cherubini never would have written the glorious classical *opera seria* which has elevated Titiens to the rank of a Siddons. *Jasone* (do not your Greek ears tingle at the metamorphosis?) was "cruel only to be kind." Many a long year has rolled away since I saw and heard Pasta, the magnificent, lift a comparatively poor composition to an exalted position. Simon Mayer, however oppressed with the *amour propre* of a composer, never could have

anticipated that his feeble score, wedded to a feebler libretto, would have made so lasting an impression upon a French audience at *Les Italiens* as did the Medea of Pasta. Yet, with all an old gentleman's inclination to be *laudatur temporis acti*, the truth will out. Titiens is as far ahead of Pasta as Cambridge was of Oxford at the last stroke. We may talk as we will of the power of music to "soothe the savage breast;" but, to my mind, such an interpreter as Titiens displays a striking proof of its capability of rousing all the violent emotions of our worst nature. I remember Grisi, in *Norma*—who, indeed, can ever forget that exquisite creation, at once tender and terrible?—thoroughly realised the influence which the old fiddler, Timotheus, placed on high 'midst the tuneful quire, exercised over the god-like Macedonian as he sat with Formosa (was it Formosa or Anonyma?—I forget which—no matter); and if there had been another Persepolis at hand when I heard her denounce *Pollione*, I should long since have been hanged for arson. But Grisi's grandeur pales before the awful rage of Teresa Titiens. It is Ristori—it is Robson—it is maximised feline power battling with the restraints of bars, rests, scales, and chords, never forgetting, however, that all the natural expression must be to a certain extent governed by Cherubini's grand music. Marvellous as I readily allow the mimic rage of Edmund Kean in Giles Overreach to have been, there is an unquestionably greater demand upon the faculties when the fierce fury of a Medea is to be exhibited under the stringent conditions of the lyrical stage. Calls, those ridiculous interpositions between an enraptured audience and delicious illusions, must sufficiently have satisfied Titiens that she had achieved a most uncommon triumph; but many units, tens, and hundreds of her admirers would have gladly cherished the idea that they had, for two or three pleasant hours, been listening to a jealous, vengeful sorceress, rather than an unequalled artiste. Why should the fancy be disturbed? It was only justifiable in the case of Bully Bottom, who was tenderly anxious that the ladies should be assured that the lion was no lion.

For such delectations as comic opera can afford (and breathes there the the man with soul so dead to whom it is not a feast?) I go to Drury Lane. Ilma de Murska is extremely pleasing in the *Somnambula*. Luckily, comparisons are odious, or the memory, dwelling on Jenny Lind, might find something for carping criticism to revel in. *Per se*, the *de Murska* is perfectly satisfactory. She sings with grace—gesticulates appropriately—and dresses *à merveille*. The same remarks apply to her Queen of Night in *Il Flauto*. My friend, the marchioness, insists that correct and tasteful costume are more than half the battle on the stage. Off the stage, it must be of little moment, or our women would fling their hideous chignons into the nearest gutter, and scorn to suggest a spinal complaint in the deformity of the Grecian bend.

I could not resist the consecration of one evening to the immortal *Le Nozze*. The ear is never cloyed with the sweets provided by Mozart, from the first bar in the overture to the gay finale. Gassier's "Non piu andrai" has a martial twang about it which always sets mine ancient friend and old commander, General Fitzfunk, beating time, to the infinite annoyance of the people around him, who are quite satisfied with the *bâton* of Arditi. "Voi che sapete" in the mouth of Monbelli is luscious. I wish she could act a little for my sake, if not for her own. A *gauche* slow-going Cherubino, is not the ticket. Almaviva must have had a poor opinion of herself and of the Contessa, to be jealous of such a page. The "Sul aria" and the "Crudel! perche" deserved the encores they got, and "La Vendetta" received full justice at the hands of Castelli..

Proof positive that a counterfeit presentment is not even a faint approach to the original has been adduced at the Princess's, in the performance of *Frou-Frou*. There you have a real picture of French life. It is literally *Les Francais peint par eux mêmes*. Mr. George Wood, the unenviable possessor of an Anglicised version of the drama, has failed to compel Mrs. John Wood to change her bill, and Mdlle. Beatrice, therefore, is privileged to continue showing how very unlike she is to the genuine Frou-Frou of Léonide Leblanc. It is lucky for Barton Hill that he cannot see Paul Deshayes as Henri de Sartorys. He would infallibly *endeavour* to knock his own brains out against the wall of his dressing-room. As for any other Brigard than Lafont, the mere attempt would confound the best actor we now have upon the English stage. The nearest approach to it was old William Farren's Lord Ogleby, in the *Clandestine Marriage*, or the same actor's Sir Harcourt Courtly, in *London Assurance*. The Brigard at the St. James's is too young to look old and try to appear young. The moment he becomes the *ci-devant jeune homme* we see that he is absolutely the *jeune homme*, and the jest fails of its point.

One good thing has been achieved by the discussion of the *Frou-Frou* matter before the Vice-Chancellor. The herd of writers who live by adaptations and translations now learn that, in order to obtain the benefit of the International Copyright Act, the purchaser of the copyright of a foreign work must enter, on the register of the Stationers' Company, an accurate and literal translation of the whole.

Did you ever try the *facilis descensus?* Should you have a taste that way, take a second-class ticket to King's Cross. No one, in warm weather, travels in a stuffy first-class carriage. You remember a small hole called *The Cabinet Theatre?* No? Well, it is in Liverpool Street. Ask at the cigar-shop nearest the Thespian temple if they know anything about it, and you will be told, "Vell, it's a rum consarn, that is. It used to be hacted in by hammyteurs; and a bad lot they were. Now it's a place for French," &c. &c. Pay your money like a man, and you'll find yourself once again among the *Funambules*, or some such theatre, outside the *Barrières*. M. Chapelle, who has leased the house from John Dryden—a lineal descendant, I suppose, of the man who hired Locke to write the music of the *Macbeth* witches—has brought over some downright real Parisians—fit objects for the attention of our fast youth—and the police. They have shown us Britishers that there is a lower deep for the drama than was ever dreamt of in our philosophy. If you are of my mind, innocent reader, once looking upon the frantic dancers, you will hark back as soon as may be, and bless your *prévision* that led you to invest in a return ticket.

A theatre has been opened in Chelsea. I record the fact in the interest of dramatic history. It gives employment to a few enthusiasts, and that is all that can be said about it.

I see that Mrs. Francis Drake is doing Shakespeare at the St. George's Gallery. Every Englishman ought to be obliged to her for giving the Divine Williams a lodging. Tell it not in Hades to the immortal spirit, that flattered itself it was not for an age but for all time, that it does not belong to these times. We have nearly twenty-five theatres in London—we remind ourselves, in antiquated busts and statues, that Billy lived—we pay homage to Melpomene in the fanciful form of very grim young ladies debating between the relative merits of dagger and poisoned bowl—and practically we leave it to Miss Bouverie (otherwise Mrs. Francis Drake) to prove the existence of English tragedy. The attempt is honourable: I wish it a success commensurate with the courageous ambition by which it has been suggested. Miss Bouverie Drake is personally a duck, in the endearing application of the term; graceful in form and action, and of a rare intelligence, which evinces the results of careful study; and if she had a sufficiently powerful *physique*, she would realise her bright conceptions. Her Rosalind, which I saw last year, was very charming, almost on a par with the chaste and sprightly performance of Mrs. Charter—otherwise "Mrs. Scott Siddons," who, I see, has been acting at St. Louis, in Yankeeland. The legitimate, excepting in the case of Edwin Booth, who plays tragedy every night in New York, has fled to the Far West, where it finds a welcome amidst the educated population. I recommend all the wandering Thespians who spasmodically appear in London before very thin audiences, to sail across the Atlantic in a sieve, and, like rats without tails, "do and do, and do." I'll give them a wind. Do you hear that, Allerton, Nanton, Creswick, Bennett, Cathcart, Glyn, Landers, Heraud, Sedgwick, *cum multis*, wherever in your sightless substance you wait a chance?

I have seen Sothern in *Barwise's Book*, and I think I like him as little in that part, as the 17th Lancers did when he smashed their best porcelain and crystal. Always associated in one's mind with good-natured fellows, Sothern should imitate Jack Bannister, and ever refuse to appear in an unamiable *rôle*. Buckstone is, as usual, droll and genial. Madge Robertson is—the wife of Kendal. If she were still M. R., into what rapturous enthusiasm would not I indulge!

The Sporting Man.

THE TURF.

THE late First Spring Meeting hardly fulfilled the promise it held out of being a generally interesting meeting. With the exception of the Thousands and the two-year-old races, there proved to be but few solid attractions in the programme, which looked so well on paper. The "damnable iteration" of Plates and Sweepstakes, Sweepstakes and Plates, was, if anything, more wearisome than of old; and the feeling of a lost day was over all but large winners at the close of at least three days out of the five. The weather improved as it went on, commencing extremely ill; the attendance, though it is fair to say that on this point doctors disagree, was less numerous throughout the week than I recollect for years.

Proceeding to sketch, with a hasty pen, the leading incidents of the meeting, I find myself face to face with the first two-year-old race of the year, in which I had the satisfaction of finding three of the best-looking horses in a large field in those specially mentioned by me—Tullibardine, Norfolk, and Chevisaunce. The last-named, however, though a neat blood-like filly, will never, I fear, rival the fame of her immortal sister; nor do I expect that Baron Rothschild's colt—although he will improve with time, being still backward—will turn out either the best of his team or so fine a horse as his brother, Suffolk. Tullibardine will perhaps do as much as Ethus to uphold the prowess of Blair Athol at the stud, which is not, I admit, a very flattering estimate of his capabilities; but I do not expect to find that the earliest assembly of juveniles was of a very select character. For the second race of the same denomination, Bayminster, a stable-companion of the previous winner, and said to be his equal at home, was made a fruitful instrument of gambling, but was forced to succumb to Jack-in-the-Box, a very useful member of Captain Machell's string, whose success should do a good turn to that good-looking sire, King John. The Prince of Wales' Stakes, the only other item of Monday's racing to which allusion need be made, fell an easy prey to Lady Masham, who not only reversed her previous running with Jersey, but led her field from start to finish, and won in a canter. The position held by Brambridge, who finished second, gave renewed confidence to the followers of Hawthornden, who could give, *on disait*, any weight to the four-year-old; but beyond this solitary fact, the proceedings were guiltless of any influence on the morrow's programme.

The field for the Two Thousand showed but a trifling variation from that I foreshadowed last week, the only material gap—*hiatus valdè deflendus*—being that made by the absence of Prince of Wales, whose withdrawal I was unfortunately too far from the scene of action to learn in time to erase him from the position I had assigned him. The confidence of the partisans of Kingcraft remained unabated to the end, though without dismaying the friends of Macgregor, against whom 100 to 30 became the highest offer before the fall of the flag. No startling changes were apparent with reference to the remainder, of whom Normanby was backed for a situation with some freedom. In spite of unwearied efforts, I was unable to obtain anything like a good look of any of the antagonists before their appearance in the actual race, a fact which will astonish no one who has any experience of head-quarters, where, nine times out of ten, one catches sight of the competitors for the first time as they flash into sight in all the glories of cap and jacket. It was the case with me in this instance; and although I can avouch from subsequent investigation (in his clothes) that Macgregor is neither "short" nor

"leggy," I saw nothing of his "conformation," nor that of anything else in the field. The race itself admits of nearly as little description as those who contested it. Never in my experience, which includes The Wizard and Diophantus, have I seen anything approaching the ease with which Macgregor scattered his field. From the ascent towards the Bushes, where he took up the running, to the winning-post, there never was the slightest doubt except as to how far he would win. Those impostors, Kingcraft and King o' Scots,—I take little credit for exposing their miserable pretensions,—were both beaten to a standstill in the dip; and although I hear that the latter (whose friends, like those of a well-beaten pugilist, are "not satisfied with his defeat") is to "come again," it is a million to one against anything that finished behind the winner. Stanley ran as badly as a horse could, and Astolfo also; the only outsiders who performed creditably being Normanby, whose appearance took me by surprise, after all I heard at Newmarket about the King, and Hawthornden, whose respectable merits I modestly commended last week. But the fact is, there was *one* horse in the race. It is not because I stood by him that I am prejudiced, but I distinctly assert that he won with 14lbs. in hand. It is simply monstrous to talk of anything behind him in connection with the Derby, as to which race I will just express my belief that Bridgewater will be *second*.

Wednesday's racing was poor in the extreme: nothing but the Two-year-old Plate being beyond the Kingsbury level. For that third juvenile party an assembly of twenty were gathered together, Count de Lagrange supplying the favourite in Orthodoxe, who, on the faith of Dr. Giles's creditable performance with Tullibardine, was made a very hot candidate. Bayminster, whose running was, of course, pronounced "all wrong," was also in great demand; while an unnamed one of Mr. Savile's, and a ditto of Baron Rothschild's, were alone of the rest backed with any spirit. Mr. Merry's Rambling Katie filly having failed to satisfy the authorities at home, was only supported for a trifle, while a very useful-looking filly by Macaroni—Alcyone, the property of Mr. Naylor, ran untried, and was scarcely touched; yet the race was between the pair, the half-sister to Macgregor getting the best of it the moment it came to climbing, and winning in a canter. Of all the field, nothing took my fancy so much as Baron Rothschild's filly, who will, though inferior, I believe, to Cottesloe, make a good useful contributor to the Mentmore exchequer; and Dancing Girl, who is sure to do Gladiateur credit before the season is brought to a conclusion.

A very few words are all I am able to say concerning the One Thousand Guineas, which formed the centre of attraction on Thursday. When it was known that Hester would run, which was not until the last moment, she naturally became a great favourite, being backed at last at 6 to 4, Frivolity receding to 5 to 1, at which price Mahonia and Mantilla also found supporters. The race, though not quite so hollow an affair, is as easily described as its male *pendant:* for Hester made all the running, and won by two lengths. Frivolity and Mahonia had a sharp fight for second honours, the result being just in favour of the Middle Park winner—nothing else near. As the stable tactics were not revealed when I last wrote, I was compelled to stand Mahonia: a selection which does her more honour than me. Of the rest of the week's performances I know nothing.

The meetings for next week will be Chester, Winchester, and Salisbury; the first-named being, however, the only fixture on which I shall venture any anticipatory remarks. Of even Mr. Topham's four days, I must content myself with a very brief *résumé;* predictions on the small and often-recurring handicaps and two-year-old races common to the programme, being more calculated at the present time to mislead than to profit my readers.

On Tuesday the Mostyn Stakes is the first piece on the board, and, in the absence of any dark flyer, CROXTETH, who will be sure, I think, to pay for following, may distinguish himself.

The Chesterfield Stakes should prove a dragon to ST. GEORGE; and THORWALDSEN, 8st 9lbs, should have a good chance of carrying off the Belgrave Cup.

The Cup, otherwise the Tradesmen's Plate, will form the attraction of the second day; and, from the wide range speculation upon it has taken, a large field and a good race may be confidently anticipated. Sabinus, 6st 5lbs, is, while I write, still at the head of affairs, a position which, after his Newmarket FIASCO, it seems rather strange he should still occupy. The last mile and a-half of the Beacon course, however, is a very trying one; and defeat over it does not necessarily imply loss of form. The Roodee is notoriously easy; and as Sabinus has shown us he can stay, and is very well, I shall rather anticipate his treading in the steps of Epsom than Newmarket. Formosa, 8st 2lbs, his stable companion, is considered by many good judges to have as favourable a chance as the gelding; but she has never shown decided staying ability, and should the stable put their faith in the beauty, I fancy they would be deceived: home-trials to the contrary, notwithstanding. Sir Joseph Hawley's pair—Siderolite, 8st 2lbs, and Morna, 7st 7lbs—have both a great chance on their merits; but the market is dead against them, and it is no use fancying a Kingsclere candidate before his owner. The once formidable-looking Middleham lot have, since Stanley's disgrace, been very quiet; and I do not expect to see the winner spring from their ranks, fair good horses though Lord Hawthorn and Thorwaldsen be. Nor have I on this occasion much more admiration for Mr. Hodgman's numerous division; his best—which will, I think, ultimately prove to be Paul Jones—is not now good enough to repeat his former triumph. Cecil, 7st 5lbs, and The Starter, 7st 4lbs, are metal much more attractive; and of all the middle weights, I consider them the cream. Both have shown they can stay: both have a knack of winning when asked: and both represent interests which it is generally well to follow in a race of this description. Whether they will ultimately oppose each other remains to be seen; but, at the present moment, highly as I respect Cecil's chance, I prefer The Starter, who alone can hope to represent his stable satisfactorily; Our Mary Ann, 6st, and Blandford, 5st 7lbs, being, I am quite sure, unequal to the task. The victorious Russley stable will be championed by Phœbus, 6st 12lbs; but, lightly weighted as he is, I do not fancy he will get the distance; while a once formidable competitor, under an even more lenient impost—Glenfalloch, 6st—will give way to Chérie, 6st 10lbs, who is wonderfully improved, and will take an immense amount of beating. Of the three-year-olds, I feel pretty safe in saying that nothing has a chance of beating Sabinus and Muster, 5st 7lbs, Lord Wilton having, I hear, tried the latter, long known as the Chamade colt, nearly good enough to win a Derby. But as I prefer what I have seen to what I hear, I shall go once more for those who have borne me safely over the bridge, and declare for THE STARTER, SABINUS, and CHERIE, one of whom,

THE STARTER

for choice, I shall expect to see credited with the Cup.

I find nothing else on the second day to which it would be safe to venture a prediction; and, as to the third day, I must content myself with pointing out that NEWSMAN, 6st 10lbs, has a good chance of winning the Marquis of Westminster's Plate; and that MUSTER, hit or miss the greater prize, can hardly fail to secure the Dee.

On Friday JACK-IN-THE-BOX will take something pretty smart to dispose of him in the Badminton Stakes; and the Stewards' Cup looks like a good thing for Lord Wilton.

The programmes of Winchester and Salisbury both hold out promise of good fair sport, and I tender them my apologies for my inability, by reason of time and tide, to refer to them at length.

FORECAST.

LATEST BETTING.

CHESTER CUP.

4 to 1 agst Sabinus (o.)
5 — 1 — Muster (t.)
9 — 1 — Cherie (o.)
9 — 1 — Starter (o.)
100 — 7 — Wild Flower (t.)
100 — 6 — Miss Sheppard (t)
100 — 6 — Paul Jones (t.)
20 — 1 — Cecil (t.)
20 — 1 — Formosa (o.)
25 to 1 agst Vestminster (o.)
33 — 1 — Locksley (t.& o.)
50 — 1 — Recorder (o.)
50 — 1 — Fairwind (o.)
50 — 1 — Our Mary Ann (o.)
12 — 1 — Mr. Hodgman's lot (after 11 to 1 taken)

DERBY.

1500 to 1000 agst Macgregor (w.)
25 — 1 — Camel (o.)

MEETING OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

At Newmarket, on Wednesday, General Peel, according to notice, brought forward his resolution asking for a committee to inquire into the present state of the Turf. Considerable discussion ensued, in the course of which Sir Joseph Hawley inquired whether it was intended to alter the existing system of betting. It was unanimously voted that there should be no repeal of the resolution of 1842, which declares that "the Jockey Club shall take no notice of betting." General Peel declining to act, the following committee was then agreed to, the three first names being those of the stewards of the Jockey Club: Col. Lowther, Admiral Rous, Lord George Manners, Marquis of Ailesbury, Duke of Beaufort, Lord Calthorpe, Earl Wilton, Sir Joseph Hawley; and Messrs. H. Chaplin, M.P. W. S. Crawfurd, George Payne, and H. Savile.

In the Arena.

THE Richmond Sports were brought to a conclusion on Saturday last, and again attracted a large and fashionable gathering. In a monetary point of view there can be no doubt that the meeting was a great success, and many of the best men of the day competed. The handicapping was again a failure and, if possible, even worse than on the first day, as the finishes were left entirely to the limit men, all those near scratch and thereabouts being absolutely never in the race. For instance, the three miles walking was won by Mr. Francis, with 150 secs. start, by nearly a quarter of a mile. The final heat for the 440 yards produced a good race; but this was in no way owing to the perfection of the handicap, as Mr. Dalbiac and Mr. Sherrard (who also secured the club 120 yards handicap with 4½ yards start), of Woolwich, received 22 yards from Mr. Luck, of Cambridge, who, together with those near him, was never once formidable. Why Mr. Luck should be made to concede 24 yards to Mr. T. C. Hooman (who met with an accident after winning his heat), when this gentleman had defeated Mr. Luck in a 300 yards race at Finchley, only a few weeks ago, when both were starting from the same mark, passes all comprehension, and shows the utter incompetency and inattention of the handicapper to public form. Mr. Harwood, of the L. A. C., carried off the high jump from a large field, amongst them being Mr. Curteis, of Cambridge. Mr. H. T. Ommaney won the half-mile steeplechase, with the liberal allowance of 42 yards, by nearly 100 yards—another blunder of the handicapper's, after the good form showed by this gentleman very recently. Next year the managing committee of the Richmond Club will select a totally unbiassed handicapper, and one who knows something of the form of the competitors.

The Woolwich and Sandhurst Sports came off on Tuesday, in the grounds of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich; and, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, were witnessed by a large number of interested spectators. Of the eleven events decided seven fell to Woolwich, and four to Sandhurst, who were thus easily defeated. The best performance was the long jump, which was won by Mr. Ferguson, of Woolwich, with a leap of 21 feet 2½ inches, Mr. Clark, of Sandhurst, being but one inch behind. In putting the stone, the winner, Mr. E. J. Bor, of Woolwich, covered 39 feet 1 inch; but it should be remembered that this was not accomplished with the Amateur Athletic Club regulation of "seven feet run and no follow," but with both run and follow unlimited. Mr. Mitchell's "put" of 38 feet at the last Champion Meeting still, therefore, remains unbeaten. For Woolwich, Mr. Dalbiac secured the 100 yards and the 180 yards races, and Mr. C. W. Sherrard reversed his Richmond running with Mr. Dalbiac by carrying off the quarter-mile race. Mr. J. W. Godfray showed the best form for Sandhurst by winning the mile, over a difficult course, in 4 min. 47 sec., by 20 yards. Next to him comes Mr. R. S. Walker, the winner of the pole jump and short hurdle race.

The London Athletic Club hold their Spring Meeting this afternoon, at the Amateur Athletic Club grounds at Lillie Bridge, and as the large number of 115 entries has been obtained for the different events, good sport should be witnessed. The only other fixture of importance to-day is the Ravenscourt Park Meeting, with a half-mile strangers' race, under the presidentship of Mr. W. F. Eaton, of Civil Service celebrity.

Another member of the old cricketing school has passed away. Fuller Pilch—a name that will live with honour in cricket history so long as the game is played—died on Tuesday last, at the age of sixty-eight. He was contemporary with Wenman, Box, Hillyer, and Alfred Mynn, but only retired from active service in the cricket field in 1856. That "mammoth hitter," Mr. W. G. Grace, has already this season scored his first century; for in a match at Bristol, on Saturday last, he was not disposed of until he had amassed a total of 108 runs. Except that between eleven of England and twenty-two of Dorking, for the benefit of the "Surrey boys"—Jupp and Humphrey—there is nothing in the way of matches to record. Oxford University has been trying her new blood with highly satisfactory results; and with such batsmen as Messrs. Pauncefoote, Tylecote, Nepean, Hadow, and Ottoway, aided by new bowlers—notably, Messrs. Butler, Francis, Hodgson and Hadow—she will have a great chance of avenging last year's defeat by Cambridge.

Advertisements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Prospective Arrangements.—First appearance of Madame Adelina Patti—first appearance of Signor Mario. TO-NIGHT (Saturday), May 7th, will be performed (first time this season), Rossini's Opera, IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA. Rosina, Madame Adelina Patti; Bertha, Mdlle. Bauermeister; Figaro, Signor Cotogni; Bartolo, Signor Ciampi; Basilio, Signor Tagliafico; Fiorello, Signor Fallar; Sargente, Signor Rossi; and Almaviva, Signor Mario. Conductor, Signor Vianesi.

Extra Night.—On Monday next, May 9 (first time this season), Mozart's Opera, DON GIOVANNI. Zerlina, Madame Adelina Patti; Elvira, Madame Vanzini; Don Ottavio, Her Wachtel; Don Giovanni, Signor Graziani; Leporello, Signor Ciampi; Masetto, Signor Tagliafico; Il Commendatore, Signor Capponi; and Donna Anna, Mdlle. Titiens. Conductor, Signor Vianesi.

The Minuet will be danced by Mdlle. Blanche Ricois and M. Desplaces. First appearance of Madame Pauline Lucca.

On Tuesday next, May 10 (first time this season), Gounod's Opera, FAUST E MARGHERITA. Margherita, Madame Pauline Lucca (her first appearance in England these two years); Siebel, Mdlle Scalchi; Marta, Mdlle. Anese; Meféstofele, M. Petit; Valentine, Signor Graziani; Wagner, Signor Tagliafico; and Faust, Signor Mario.

Subscription Night, in lieu of Saturday, July 30.

On Thursday next, May 12, Bellini's Opera, LA SONNAMBULA. Amina, Madame Adelina Patti; Rodolfo, Signor Bagagiolo; and Elvino, Herr Wachtel.

Extra Night.—On Friday next, May 13, Donizetti's Opera, LA FAVORITA. Leonora, Madame Pauline Lucca; Alfonso, Signor Graziani; Baldassare, Signor Bagagiolo; and Fernando, Signor Mario.

On Saturday next, May 14, Ambroise Thomas's Opera, HAMLET. Ophelia, Mdlle. Mathilde Sessi (her first appearance in that character); Hamlet, Signor Cotogni (his first appearance in that character); and the Queen, Mdlle. Titiens (who has kindly consented to sing the part).

The Opera commences at half-past Eight.

The Box-office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten to Five. Pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.—First appearance of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. THIS EVENING (Saturday, May 7, will be performed Donizetti's Opera, LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR. Signor Mongini, M. Verger (his first appearance), Signor Rinaldini, Signor Foli, Signor Archinti, Madame Corsi, and Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her first appearance this season).

Next Week.

MONDAY NEXT, May 9, Gounod's Opera, FAUST
Second appearance of Mdlle. Christine Nilsson.

TUESDAY NEXT, May 10, Meyerbeer's Opera, ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO. Alice, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson (her second appearance).

THURSDAY NEXT, May 12, production of Weber's Operetta, ABU HASSAN, and of Mozart's posthumous Opera-Buffa, in two acts, L'OCA DEL CAIRO.

SATURDAY, May 14, Mdlle. Christine Nilsson. ROBERTO IL DIAVOLO.

Signor ARDITI'S Grand MORNING CONCERT will take place on FRIDAY, June 10.

MDLLE. CHRISTINE NILSSON TO-NIGHT (Saturday). ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.
By the kind permission of G. WOOD, Esq.
ROYAL DRAMATIC COLLEGE.
PATRONS.—Her Most Gracious MAJESTY the QUEEN.
His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, K.G.
HONORARY PRESIDENT.—H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, K.G.
MASTER.—BENJAMIN WEBSTER, Esq.
DEPUTY-MASTER.—W. R. SAMS, Esq.

A SPECIAL PERFORMANCE, under the patronage and honoured by the presence of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, will take place at the above theatre, under the management of Mr. Sothern, on SATURDAY MORNING NEXT, for the BENEFIT of the above institution, when the performances will commence at one o'clock precisely with the celebrated comedy, in three acts, by J. B. Buckstone, entitled MARRIED LIFE. Messrs. J. L. Toole, W. H. Vernon, Kendal, Webster, Buckstone; Mesdames Hughes, C. Hill, Robertson, Frank Matthews, H. Leigh. To be followed by Sheridan's brilliant comedy, in five acts, of THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. Messrs. Chippendale, Addison, Anderson, A. Wigan, Barrett, J. Clarke, H. Compton, Bancroft, H. J. Montague, Ashley, Stuart; Mesdames Amy Sedgwick, Chippendale, Alfred Mellon, E. Stuart; Mr. Santley (by permission of G. Wood, Esq.). Stage Manager, Mr. Edward Stirling. The Floral Decorations by Messrs. Hopgood and Jacobs, Brompton-road. Costumes by Mr. S. May. Perruquier, Mr Clarkson. Doors open at 12 to, commence at one o'clock precisely. Private boxes from one to four guineas; orchestra stalls, 10s. 6d.; dress circle, 5s; amphitheatre stalls, 3s.; amphitheatre, 1s. Box-office open this day.—J. W. ANSON, Secretary.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. Benjamin Webster.

THIS EVENING, at 7.0, TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING. At 7.30 precisely, the greatly successful original drama, in four acts, written by Mr. Henry J. Byron, entitled THE PROMPTER'S BOX; or, a Peep Story of the Footlights and the Fireside. After which, at 9.45, a New Fairy Extravaganza, written by Mr. Henry J. Byron, entitled THE ENCHANTED WOOD; or, the Three Transformed Princes, with exquisite and elaborate scenic effects by Hawes Craven, Telbin, and assistants, and beautiful costumes and appointments by Stagg and Mantle, of Leicester Square. An extensive Corps de Ballet, under the direction of Mr. Cormack. The entertainments supported by Mr. Benjamin Webster, Messrs. R. Phillips, J. G. Taylor, J. D. Beveridge, Ashley, C. H. Stephenson, C. J. Smith, W. H. Eburne, and Henry J. Byron; Mesdames Alfred Mellon, Patti Josephs, M. Montgomery, Clara Thorne, Maria Harris, Nelly Harris, Clara Shelley, Cecil, Grahame, Leigh Murray, and Furtado. Notice.—"The Prompter's Box," at half-past seven; "The Enchanted Wood," at a quarter to ten. Box-office open from ten to five. No fees for booking.

THE ENCHANTED WOOD; or, Three Transformed Princes. A Fairy Tale, written by Mr. Henry J. Byron, and embellished with most elaborate scenery by Hawes Craven and assistants. The beautiful Ballet arranged by Mr. Cormack. Magnificent costumes and appointments. At a quarter to ten.
ADELPHI THEATRE.

GAIETY THEATRE, Strand.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. John Hollingshead.—TO-NIGHT.

GAIETY.—NOTICE.—THIS EVENING, at Seven, will be produced a Comedy, in three acts, called THE MAN OF QUALITY, adapted by John Hollingshead from Sir John Vanbrugh's "Relapse." Lord Foppington, Mr. Alfred Wigan.

OFFENBACH'S latest and most popular Three-Act Opera Bouffe, THE PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE. 11th time in England. Exclusive right of performance.

GAIETY.—OFFENBACH'S.

GAIETY.—PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE.

GAIETY.—Mr. J. L. TOOLE, Miss E. Farren, Miss Loseby, Miss Hughes, Miss Tremaine, Mr. Maclean, Mr. Soutar, Mr. Perrini, and increased Opera Company.

GAIETY.—Places can be booked at once. No fees. Prices, 6d. to 2 guineas. Box-office open from ten to five. THE MAN OF QUALITY at 7; PRINCESS OF TREBIZONDE at 9.

CHARING CROSS THEATRE.—THIS EVENING, THE TWIN SISTERS. IXION, by F. C. Burnand, supported by the entire company. Stage Director, Mr. J. Wallace.

LITTLE FAUST.—LYCEUM THEATRE.—At a Quarter past Eight, EVERY EVENING.

LITTLE FAUST.—The drollest concatenation of sparkling music and funny dialogue ever produced on any stage.

LITTLE FAUST.—LYCEUM THEATRE.—Written by H. B. Farnie, composed by Hervé. "True genius . . . true humour . . . The chief success of the season."—Daily News.

LITTLE FAUST.—LYCEUM THEATRE.—"A most unusual success. . . . Each tune welcomed with surprise and delight. . . . Burlesqued in the most humorous manner. . . . Scenery beautiful . . . dresses simply magnificent, matched by the grace of the wearers."—Morning Post.

LITTLE FAUST.—"A great triumph, not only for the composer, M. Hervé, but for Mr. H. B. Farnie, and all the artists engaged in the piece. . . . Received from beginning to end with an enthusiasm we never saw surpassed."—Morning Advertiser.

LITTLE FAUST.—THIS EVENING.—This celebrated Opéra Bouffe in English, supported by the following eminent artists, viz.—Faust, Mr. T. Maclagan; Marguerite, Miss Emily Soldene; Mephisto, Mdlle. Debreux; Siebel, Mons. Marius; Valentine, Mr. Aynsley Cook; Karl, Miss Lennox Grey.—Box-office open daily. Free list entirely suspended.—LYCEUM THEATRE.

BREAKING THE SPELL.—THIS EVENING at 7.30, will be produced (sixth time) an Opera Comique, in one act, by Offenbach. Messrs. Aynsley Cook, G. F. Neville, and Miss Dolaro.
LYCEUM THEATRE.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. W. H. Liston. Stage Directress, Mrs. W. H. Liston.—FROU-FROU THIS EVENING. Thirteenth appearance of Miss Plessy Mordaunt as Frou-Frou.

OLYMPIC.—Miss PLESSY MORDAUNT will make her 13th appearance in London, THIS EVENING, as FROU-FROU. Charles Warner, John Nelson.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—THIS EVENING.—The only version of FROU-FROU authorised. By Messieurs. Meilhac and Halévy. Freely translated by Sutherland Edwards.
OLYMPIC THEATRE, THIS EVENING.

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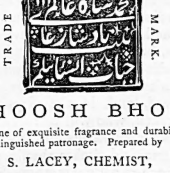

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